

The Academy and Literature

EDITED BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

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Notes

"CRIBNER'S MAGAZINE" is always a model of what should be done in the way of illustration ; what could be more peaceful in drawing and in colour than the picture of the tall slender woman in evening dress standing beside a blue vase filled with red roses ? The black-and-white drawings are equally good ; it would be difficult to surpass those by Mr. A. B. Frost to "The Soldier of the Valley" ; the little cut, "And seein' a light in the room I looked in," is a marvel of printing and block-making.

As rival to the American magazines in the matter of illustration we have only "The Pall Mall Magazine," where the literary matter also is always first-rate. In the September issue we have "Days with Velasquez," by Mr. C. Lewis Hind ; "Literary Geography : The County of Carlyle," by Mr. William Sharp ; and "About Our Fiction," by Mr. G. S. Street, who has taken a somewhat large subject for a short paper. It is Mr. Street's contention "that the English novel, as we know it from Fielding to Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy, is in point of artistic significance dying, and nearly dead ; that, on the other hand, the art of narrative fiction generally is extremely vital in itself and even important in our lives," and he continues, "in the main the artist who would concern himself in the old, large manner with our common life has only repetitions to achieve." In our present-day fiction he points out the influence of the short story, and—I am glad to note—insists that our sword and swagger stories are "generally a hollow business." The old-fashioned novel has been succeeded by "special studies of special phases of life and of abnormal and minutely observed character." This is to a certain extent true, undoubtedly, but must not, I believe, be taken as more than a passing phase. Surely as long as fiction exists as a form of art we shall have novels written in the "old, large method" whenever we are granted artists who can draw in the old, large style. Mr. Street's paper is short, but it is full of meat—some, however, undigested—and well worth reading by all students of the tendencies of modern literature.

FROM Mr. Sharp's article I quote this :

"I recollect an amusing story told by the late Dr. George Bird (that delightful raconteur, whose vivid memory embraced half a century of intimate acquaintance with many of the most distinguished men and women of the Victorian era), though it was not, I fancy, at first hand, and for all I know to the contrary may have already appeared, though I have not met with it. One day Carlyle was walking with a friend near the Marble Arch end

of Hyde Park ('black-felt coat, whitey-grey trousers, wide, whitey-grey felt hat, old-fashioned stock, a thick walking-stick, hair more grizzly than usual, beard still more so, furrowed, a heavy frown'), and had stopped



MR. W. W. JACOBS

[Photo. Elliott & Fry]

to listen to a stump-orator addressing an indolent and indifferent crowd on the question of the franchise. Suddenly a rough-hewn worthy detached himself from a group, and, without a word of greeting or other preamble, addressed himself to Carlyle in a broad Annandale accent.

"Whit now, ye'll be Tam Carlyle frae Ecclefechan ?"
"The great man nodded, his eyes twinkling.
"An' they ca' ye the Sage o' Chelsea ?"
"They do, puir buddies !" (this in the same vernacularism).

"'Weel,' said the man scornfully, 'I've heard o' the wurrd applyit in connection wi' a burrd I'll no name, but never afore this wi' a self-respecting *mon*!'

"Carlyle laughed heartily, but remarked afterwards to his companion that his compatriot's crude satire 'had the gist o' guid common-sense in it,'—'for who am I,' he added, 'or who is any man, to be held above all his fellows as the *Sage*, and worse, as the *Sage?*'"

THERE have passed through my hands recently some dozens of novels, with the contents of which I am for the most part unacquainted, and I have been struck by the variety in weight and by the singular ugliness of many of the bindings. As to weight, there are commercial reasons to be considered; but do publishers themselves ever attempt to read any of their "weighty" volumes? They cannot do so; if they did they would realise and remember that a novel should be light in the hand. As to bindings, well, I admit that everyone's doxy is his orthodoxy, but for my part—and I take it I am not unique—I do not like pictures upon my book-covers. Their purpose is, probably, more to catch the public eye than to satisfy it, and perhaps this purpose is attained. But many look askance at, even if they do not reject, a novel presented to them with a fantastic cover.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE are bringing out "Wayfarer's Love," edited by the Duchess of Sutherland, of which, in addition to the ordinary issue, there will be an édition de luxe of a hundred copies at one guinea each. The profits realised—and I hope they will be large—will go to that excellent charity the Potteries and Newcastle Cripples' Guild, but the book should have a large sale on its merits, numbering among its contributors Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. William Watson, M. Paul Bourget, Mr. John Davidson and M. Maurice Maeterlinck.

IN "The Book Monthly" Mr. Methuen discourses of the trials, troubles and pleasures of a publisher's life; speaking of the present depression in the book trade he says a true word:—

"I suppose it is partly due to the national impoverishment brought about by the South African war, and partly by the uncertainty and timidity caused by the fiscal agitation. But I think you must also look deeper. With few notable exceptions which prove the rule, there seems a lack of sincerity in modern writing—such a dead level of excellence and so little inspiration. If you are to impress people you must have something to say, some message or mission, something which must out. Authors should let themselves go a little more. Novelists would feel what they say and say what they feel, they would soon have plenty of readers."

IN "The Independent" Mrs. Weiss continues her reminiscences of Poe; here is an interesting item:—

"I once on a quiet, drizzling summer day had an hour's talk with Mr. Poe in our own parlor about 'The Raven,' when he said: 'Do you know that "The Raven" was originally not a raven at all, but an owl?' I hardly noticed them what, if I had been older, would have so much interested me. I only asked why he had made the change. To which he replied, 'For sake of the "nevermore." I afterwards mentioned the circumstance to Dr. Holland (editor of 'Scribner's'), who said that he had heard something of the same kind, but did not credit it. . . . But in reading the poem one comes upon words and expressions which irresistibly remind us

of the owl, the bird of wisdom—Minerva's bird, which 'perched upon the bust of Pallas'—more appropriate to an owl than a raven:—

"Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance
it wore,' &c., &c.

Moreover, owls are night-birds and, as is well known, are attracted to lighted windows at night, which doesn't apply to ravens.

"And its eyes have all the seeming of a demon that
is dreaming.'
is decidedly owlish."

IN "The Monthly Review" the late Reverend Whitwell Elwin's article on "Thackeray at Cambridge" contains an admirable picture of the brilliant group of which Thackeray formed a member; Thompson, afterward Master of Trinity, Fitzgerald (spelt in this paper with a small "g"), Brookfield, Archdeacon Allen, Robert Groome, Spedding, Tennyson. We are told nothing new, but facts already in our possession are here brought together and their bearing upon one another set forth. It is useful, for example, to be reminded that Thackeray's "Timbuctoo" was not a skit or parody upon Tennyson's, and that Dobbin was partly drawn from John Allen. Altogether the article is a vivid and pleasant picture of Cambridge life in the late twenties of the last century—a better picture than any in the various lives of Thackeray; only surpassed by the novelist's own picture in "Pendennis."

ANOTHER timely article in the same Review, but by no means so good, is the Earl of Iddesleigh's "Captain Marryat as a Novelist"—a protest against the slight esteem in which so many critics of to-day seem to hold that writer's work. The novels that deal with adventures on land are not dealt with, for what reason I cannot guess, for one of Marryat's finest stories is "Japhet in Search of a Father"; it is melodramatic in parts, unreal at times, but contains some of the very best of Marryat's character-drawing, and the pretty Quakeress whom Japhet marries is a delightful "study in petticoats." I am glad to find an ample appreciation of "Jacob Faithful." "Nowhere else shall we find such descriptions of life on the Thames or of the quaint population that formerly dwelt by the waterside"; nowhere else, save in Dickens. Surely the Earl of Iddesleigh overrates "The Children of the New Forest" and "The Settlers in Canada" when calling them "the two most enchanting children's books that the world ever saw." Over-praise stultifies an appreciation.

IT is perhaps a mark of the literary times that few write, and still fewer read, essays dealing with nothing in particular. Probably Addison, Steele, Goldsmith and Elia would find the market closed now against their wares. We do not take our literature quietly now-a-days, and in the uproar of the literary market-place there is no voice heard calling for the peaceful essayist. No, we must all be paradox-mongers or writers of sensation fiction. It is a pity.

IT is stated that Mr. Balfour is writing a novel which will set forth his views on the present condition of party politics, that the Archbishop of Canterbury is at work upon a story which will deal with Church questions in Scotland, and that Mr. Beerbohm Tree has commenced a work of fiction founded upon "The Tempest."

Bibliographical

THE latest announcement as to volumes in preparation for the "English Men of Letters Series" is interesting, both from the variety of authors to be dealt with and the varied treatment which they have hitherto received—James Thomson, Edward FitzGerald and Sir Thomas Browne. The greatest of the three will, so far as I am aware, find his first biographer in Mr. Edmund Gosse. The "James Thomson" of Professor G. C. Macaulay is presumably to be the poet of "The Seasons," not the poet of "The City of Dreadful Night," though many readers might find the later life the more interesting. It should not be difficult, by the way, to devise some method of differentiating two or more writers who happen to achieve fame under the same name. In this instance the British Museum Catalogue gives them somewhat invidiously as "James Thomson, the Poet" and "James Thomson, Author of 'The City of Dreadful Night'"; but then that catalogue has to do with many a writing James Thomson. There have been many brief biographies of Thomson, chiefly as introductions to his poems, during the past century and a half, but the most notable contributions on the subject during recent years which I can recall are Mr. W. Bayne's short life of the poet in the "Famous Scots Series" (1898), and the Reverend D. C. Tovey's introduction to the Aldine edition of Thomson's poems (1897). It is a curious fact that the most important study of the author of "The Seasons" comes from France in the shape of Dr. Léon Morel's "James Thomson, sa Vie et ses Œuvres" (1895).

In dealing with "Edward FitzGerald" Mr. A. C. Benson should have little difficulty in providing a better companion to the volumes of delicious "Letters" than any that we yet possess. An unsatisfying but enthusiastic "Life of Edward FitzGerald," by John Glyde—in which the redundant hyphen is persistently employed—was issued in 1900, and quite recently we have had, in somewhat bulky form, the result of the patient collection of a vast amount of materials in "The Life of Edward FitzGerald," by Thomas Wright (1904); the late Mr. F. Hindes Groome's "Two Suffolk Friends" (1895) deals with the companionship of FitzGerald and Archdeacon Groome.

The announcement of freshest interest is that of Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Sir Thomas Browne," for I know of no existing biography of the author of the "Religio Medici," other than the brief introductions to various editions of his writings, his life and correspondence form the first volume of the 1835-6 edition of his "Works." Dr. Johnson wrote a "life" for an edition of the "Christian Morals" in 1758, and John Addington Symonds contributed an interesting introduction to a volume of Browne's writings in the "Camelot Classics." It is certainly strange that an author of such standing should have had to wait so long for the fuller recognition implied by the devotion of a monograph to his life and work.

Before the close of the present month we are promised a new "Life of William Cobbett," by E. I. Carlyle. Seeing how notable a figure Cobbett was in both English and American public life, seeing how vigorous and interesting he was as a writer, and how romantic was his life, it is strange that he has not been more frequently written about. After Cobbett's death an unsatisfactory biography by Robert Huish was published in two volumes (1835), and a one-volume anonymous "Life of Cobbett" belongs to the same year; he occupies

nearly three-quarters of a volume of "Biographies of John Wilkes and William Cobbett," by the Reverend John Selby Watson (1870); and another biography was that by Edward Smith (1878). Cobbett was one of the four worthies dealt with in the first series of Thorold



"THE JOCOND DANCE OF WIND-SWEPT DAFFODILS"

[Illustration from "A Little Child's Wreath" (Lane)]

Rogers' "Historical Gleanings." In 1796 Cobbett published, as a pamphlet, in Philadelphia, "The Life and Adventures of Peter Porcupine"; in the following year it was issued in London, and Hone published it as "The Life of William Cobbett, Author of the Political Register. Written by Himself" (third edition 1816). Cobbett's autobiography is scattered throughout his writings, and often imparts the most piquant flavour in unexpected places; but most of those energetic writings of his are, I fear, but little read to-day.

The late Dean Hole wrote many books, his most successful being those which dealt with rose culture, or which were anecdotal and reminiscent; but his writings were mainly such as have but a temporary vogue. "A Book About Roses"—of which nearly twenty editions have been exhausted—will perhaps longest continue in favour. There have been so many incomplete scrappy lists of Dean Hole's books that the following, which is I think complete, with the exception of single speeches and sermons, may be acceptable: "Hints to Freshmen" (1847); "A Little Tour in Ireland," illustrated by John Leech (1859, new edition as recently as 1892); "A Book About Roses" (1869); "The Six of Spades" (1872); "Hints to Preachers" (1880); "Nice and Her Neighbours" (1881); "A Book About the Garden and the Gardener"—being a reprint of "The Six of Spades," with some additional papers—(1892); the "Memories of Dean Hole" (1892); "More Memories: being Thoughts about England Spoken in America" (1894); "Addresses Spoken to Working Men from Pulpit and Platform" (1894); "A Little Tour in America" (1895); "Our Gardens"—in the "Haddon Hall Library" (1899); "Then and Now" (1901).

WALTER JERROLD.

Reviews

The Man of Letters as Historian

THE LETTERS AND SPEECHES OF OLIVER CROMWELL, WITH ELUCIDATIONS BY THOMAS CARLYLE. Edited in Three Volumes, with Notes, Supplement and Enlarged Index, by S. C. Lomas. With an Introduction by C. H. Firth, M.A. (Methuen. 18s. net.)

THERE is a certain piquancy in the notion of an edition of Carlyle's "Cromwell" by an editor of State Paper Calendars. It is difficult to imagine a greater incongruity. The whirligig of time has not often wrought a more complete revenge. Here is Anti-Dryasdust confronted with all the lore of accumulated research. The railer against contemporary collections of seventeenth-century documents (who, as Mr. Firth reminds us, styled such an essential foundation for the main facts concerning his hero as Rushworth's Collection, "an inarticulate rubbish continent") has his work subjected to all the tests which the most skilled specialists in the documentary history of the period can apply. How does Carlyle emerge from the ordeal? The answer to the question raises the whole issue between the modern schools of historians and their predecessors, the issue of the relations between history and literature, which the new historians seek to sever, the issue between history as a science and history as an art.

Mr. Firth, in his valuable introduction to Mrs. Lomas' excellent edition, by no means shirks this issue, which, indeed, is too obvious to be missed. In the light of his own immense familiarity with all the minutiae of Cromwellian documents, he inquires what is the permanent historical value of Carlyle's work. His answer, put shortly, is that it is valuable in so far as it is a complete collection of Cromwell's authentic letters, and misleading in about the proportion in which Carlyle's personality is apparent in his book. Carlyle was indeed serviceable, his critic agrees, in altering the popular view of his hero and establishing his essential sincerity of purpose and character. But when Carlyle has once taught us that Cromwell was an honest man, "the historical value of the book lies not in Carlyle's representation of Cromwell, but in Cromwell's revelation of himself in its pages."

It is impossible to find a sharper contrast between the old ideals of history and the new than is presented by a comparison between Carlyle's own introduction to his book and that which Mr. Firth supplies. The latter admits that Carlyle took great pains to be exact, and is usually accurate about dates and minor details. Indeed, it is remarkable how few are the serious errors of fact of which Mrs. Lomas' admirable industry has convicted him. But Mr. Firth's complaint is not that Carlyle made mistakes which he might have avoided, or that he was not always, as the "Squire Letters" imposture proves, a shrewd critic of the internal evidence of authenticity in the documents he used. It is enough to deprive Carlyle's work of permanent historical value that it "belongs rather to the domain of literature than to the domain of history." That its author sometimes spoke of it as a "Cromwelliad" is held to degrade the book from the level of serious history to the level of a picturesque composition, in which facts are subordinated to the poetic license appropriate to an epic. To this indictment it must suffice to return Carlyle's own answer as set down in the opening "Anti-Dryasdust" chapter: "Histories are as perfect as the historian is wise, and is gifted with an eye and a soul! . . . The Art of History, the grand difference between a Dryasdust and a sacred

Poet, is very much even this: to distinguish well what does still reach the surface, and is alive and frondent for us. . . . By wise memory, and by wise oblivion: it lies all there." That is the true justification of the part which literature has so long played in history. The function of selection must always remain one of the chief functions of the historian; and it is a function which is primarily artistic. Those who preach that the business of historians is to procure "a complete assemblage of the smallest facts of human history," forget that the multiplication of facts beyond a certain point is fatal to a mastering of facts; and that, in Carlyle's epigrammatic phrase, "Without oblivion, there is no remembrance possible."

We have devoted so much space to the interesting question raised by Mr. Firth's introduction that too little remains to do justice to the merits of Mrs. Lomas' admirable editorial work. Already equipped in a quite unusual degree for her task by a prolonged absorption in the Cromwell period, she has spared no pains in the work of annotation, collection and verification. It is impossible to detect any serious error in her work. Occasionally, perhaps, her generalisations are not entirely justifiable. It is scarcely fair to say of Edmund Spenser that "he hated the Irish, regarding them as a nation of savages." Unquestionably the poet shared the point of view of the average Elizabethan in regard to the condition of Ireland and the causes of its "incivility." But his anger at Irish rebellion is mitigated by a good deal of sympathy with Irish character and much appreciation of the aptitudes of the Irish people. And that the charm of Ireland itself appealed most strongly to the poet is apparent in many of the most beautiful descriptive passages of "The Faërie Queene." This, however, is a matter of opinion rather than fact, and in no way detracts from the merits of an edition of the "Cromwell" for which not only all admirers of Carlyle but all students of this period will render hearty thanks to both editor and publishers.

C. LITTON FALKNER.

Dutch Beauties and Dutch Barges

HOLLAND. By Nico Jungman. Text by Beatrix Jungman. Illustrations Engraved and Printed at the Menpes Press. (Black. 20s. net.)

WHENEVER the would-be discoverer sallies forth it is absolutely necessary that the nature of the hidden treasure shall be so well known to him that he is able to recognise his prize, no matter in what disguise he meets it. Your successful explorer wants two qualifications—intuition, born of a love for that which he seeks, and knowledge. The one helps him to unearth possibilities, the other enables him to test them. It is just because Nico and Beatrix Jungman possess these qualifications that their search for "quaint incidents and local colour" has resulted in those delightful discoveries which they have now revealed to us in their book on Holland.

We are especially grateful to artist and author, because they have snatched picturesque Holland out of the relentless claws of modernity. In the course of time, no doubt, progress will uproot the beautiful, plant the useful, and hand over a few Dutch antiquities to various museums. Ranged up and down stuffy rooms these old things cannot be expected to be confidential. How can they live in a place where there is no atmosphere? Fortunately, the enthusiast will never have to depend on "specimens" for his impressions of Old Holland.

The peasants may exchange their beloved coral necklaces for cheap glass beads, and their quaint family jewels for gewgaws made in Birmingham; doff their pretty caps and don the stiff straw bonnet; discard their native costume for German "ready-mades." The enamel saucepan, milkcan and candlestick may oust the polished brass household utensils of to-day. The screech of the siren may rend the air as the steamers ply up and down the canal. What need we care for these changes? We shall always have a Holland split up into provinces, each with its distinct native population; men and women who have retained their own peculiar customs, albeit they have made common cause in creating a country, and defending it against enemies at home and abroad. Our beautiful Dutch peasants will wear their picturesque costumes. Our little Dutch children will patter about in their sabots. Along our canals will glide fishing-boats, with sails of a reddish-brown colour, patched and repatched, so that we know not whether any of the original canvas be left. And this our Holland has been preserved for us for ever by Nico and Beatrix Jungman.

Nico, who has a genius for *seeing* colour, has done all the illustrations for this book; his wife has written the text. The pictures, in a Dutch accent, tell their story in poetic language which is of universal comprehension; and they have been reproduced in such a way that each might pass for an original piece of brush-work. The text abounds in word-pictures, perfect in form, vivid in colouring, and lighted by the art of one who has mastered the secrets of literary chiaroscuro.

It is, of course, impossible here to deal with each of the seventy-five illustrations separately. Speaking generally, however, the men, women and children selected as types of Dutch beauty give a wide scope for the interpretation of that quality. The landscapes, street scenes, and interiors afford glimpses of that fascinating flatness, which offers no resistance to the imagination. The barges on the canals suggest—well, we have all read our Jacobs, and many of us have spent a holiday on the Norfolk Broads, so it is scarcely necessary to say what these pictures of waterman's life can tell us.

From the text of this book I give one description, which will serve to show that Beatrix Jungman's contribution to this representation of Holland could not well be spared:

"We sauntered along the quay, and met the owner of the boat and his mate. Their costume was refreshing to an artist's eye. One was in red—that is to say, the background was red; the garment was so lavishly patched that no two square inches were of the same colour; the whole had been soaked in sea-water and faded in the sun, till all the colours blended exquisitely. The other, in a blue coat, wore old velvet trousers of that Dutch breadth with which most people are now familiar. Both had their hands in their pockets and long cigars in their mouths as they came rolling along towards us."

On the first page of this book is a picture which makes a direct appeal to the emotions and wins sympathy at the outset. On the red-tiled bank of a canal, which is bordered by green grass on the one side and red-roofed houses on the other, stands a Dutch boy who can scarcely have seen more than ten summers. A jaunty cap surmounts his fair hair; a cigar of immense proportions protrudes from his little lips; a very tight brown coat, very loose brown trousers, gathered in at the ankle, and wooden sabots complete his costume. There he stands, with hands in his pockets, a child of Nature in the midst of life. At once goes forth to the inspired colourist, whose art is responsible for this creation, an appeal which gathers in intensity as picture succeeds picture: "Come

between this nature and me—this nature which is too great and too wonderful for me—interpret it to me—let me see with your eyes, and hear with your ears, and have the help and strength of your great spirit."

EDITH A. BROWNE.

Light in Asia

JAPAN BY THE JAPANESE. Edited by Alfred Stead.
(Heinemann. 20s. net.)

[Second Notice.]

To the savage, the most mysterious part of a watch must be the main-spring. Whence comes the energy and life that keeps it in motion? So to our minds the question we should best love to have answered concerning Japan is: Whence comes the motive power that enables this race to push its way with such extraordinary energy? Its brain we can to a great extent measure, but its heart and soul, what of them? Two chapters in "Japan by the Japanese" give what purports to be the correct answer—the chapters on "Bushido"—the Moral Ideas of Japan," by Professor Inazo Nitobe, and on "Ancestor Worship," by Professor Nobushige Hozumi. In the first we read, "As a matter of fact, Chivalry is still the dominant moral power amongst us. . . . It is in its might that we live, move, and have our being." It is by its might that the Japanese have been able not to adopt in monkey fashion, but to assimilate and adapt, the science of the West; it is by its might that they are borne on to face death without dismay, and it is by its might that they have stepped in thirty years from mediævalism to modernity. The morality of "Bushido" is based on "manhood and manliness"; "its ultimate sanction lay in the inborn sense of shame at all wrong-doing, and of honour in doing right. It offered no philosophical demonstration for this belief; but it accepted the Kantian teaching of the moral law in the conscience as the voice of heaven"; it is not a religion, but a national code of honour; every Japanese strives to be a gentleman without fear and without reproach. The relationships and duties of life may be summed up as those of parent and child, husband and wife, master and servant, brother and brother, friend and friend, and Shintoism teaches the threefold duties representing "personal, family and social relations," duty to oneself, to one's family and to the Emperor; conscience is the sole court of appeal.

The *Samurai* education was very near akin to stoicism. Take, for example, the Japanese theory and practice of politeness. "The underlying idea of politeness is to make your company and companionship agreeable to others," and we think that such politeness as this must be tinged with insincerity! If you are angry, why rage aloud? If you are grieved, why not bury your "tears in smiles"? Bear to the world and to your friends a brave, bright face.

As to Japanese imitativeness here is an instructive and question-raising passage:

"The world admits that Japan, from being a non-entity in the politics of the world, has in the brief space of thirty years raised herself into the position of a first-class Power. The explanation of this seeming miracle has been attempted from various standpoints; but those who are acquainted with the psychology of our race and with the precepts of knighthood have despaired of finding an adequate theory, and have summarily attributed what is really no miracle at all to an apish mimicry. It is true that in a sense we certainly possess imitativeness. What progressive nation has not possessed and made use of it? Just think of how little Greek culture has originated on Hellenic soil. Of the

Romans at their best, who does not know that they imitated most freely from Greece? How much of Spanish glory and grandeur at their zenith was of Moorish origin? I need not multiply examples. It seems to me that the most original—that is, the least imitative people—are the Chinese, and we see where their originality has led them. Imitation is educative, and education itself is, in the main, imitation. Wallace, and after him many other zoologists, have taught us what a rôle imitation and mimicry play in the preservation of life in nature. We shudder to think what might have been our fate in this cannibalistic age of nations had we been always consistently original. Imitation has certainly been a means of salvation."

The chapter on "Ancestor Worship" is admirable, and should be read by every student of religions. Shintoism and Bushido—two several matters, but closely related—are these the main-springs of Japanese life?

We have written eulogistically of this book, but must note that it has its weak portions, notably the sections on literature and on art, by Baron Suyematsu, which are almost trite. As we read the pages of the volume we marked numerous striking passages; but in Baron Suyematsu's contributions we found nothing of moment; they are dry and uninstructive. The editing on occasion has been far from careful.

What of the future of Japan? She must—as her wisest sons realise—work out her salvation in the paths of peace. As a strong man armed she must set her house in order. So far she has only learnt the first steps; but she comes to her task with a splendid spirit and a cultivated mind. She has not sprung, as so many think, suddenly from barbarism to civilisation; she has been civilised for centuries; but she is competing with modern nations with modern weapons, and her danger lies in this—that she may lose hold on the much that was so good in her past in grasping after the fruits of the tree of Western knowledge.

W. T. S.

DEVILS. By J. Charles Wall. With Fifty Illustrations. (Methuen. 4s. 6d. net.)

THE reader must not hope to find in this book anything like a scientific inquiry into the origin and history of demonology. Any such attempt would involve inquiry of the widest scope; for as an hypothesis devised to account for a more or less unsatisfactory world, the diabolic personality is universally postulated by primitive dualism. But within the limits which he has set himself Mr. Wall has written an interesting and entertaining book. Here he has gathered together many curious legends and pawky proverbs, and his pages are adorned with a number of remarkable illustrations.

It is not always easy to guess whether the artists to whose inspiration we owe these works of art were joking or in earnest. Probably they were betwixt two moods, and played with the notion in the spirit of a child that dreads yet half invites the threatened visit of the two-headed man. There is, as a rule, little enough of what can be called originality about the portraits. They follow for the most part a rather fond invention, for which there is in Holy Writ as little foundation as there is in common sense. The Lincoln devil is quite one of the most individual of the tribe. He sits, a squat little figure, between the spring of a couple of arches, cross-legged, one wizened knee nursing a cloven foot, and two hands of three fingers apiece—helpless-looking little hands enough—fondling knee and ankle. His shoulders and chest are hairy, and bold as a bull's, and bull-like is his horned head, though eyes and two-fanged

mouth are human; a reminiscence, certainly, in its *tout ensemble*, of the minotaur, and possibly responsible in part for Watts' fine picture of him in the Tate Gallery. The Beast of the Apocalypse is responsible for a number of pictures, and particularly for a French miniature of the fourteenth century, in which the dragon awaits the birth of the child of the Woman that he may devour him as soon as she is delivered. Again, the Reformation found, on one side and on the other, in Monsignore Sathanas an admirable subject for the suggestion of conflicting theological views; and of most orthodox origin is doubtless that figure of the Trinity of Evil which is found in a fifteenth-century "Histoire du Saint Graal." That is French; the English follow with equal fidelity the hints of Scripture, developing them according to the naïve views of a childlike age. Thus in an eleventh-century MS. of Cædmon, Lucifer is portrayed in the full panoply of a seraph arguing with the Eternal Father with forensic ability that clearly astounds the latter; and the whole tragedy of his rebellion and banishment is represented, in a series that serves to illustrate the same Cædmon, from the original audacity of his ambitious claim to the moment when his headlong flight finds its fitting terminus within the jaws of a whiskered monstrosity that personifies Hell. This is only the beginning of a considerable series in which stands pictured the whole tragedy of the Fall of Man that lies at the root of the thousand ills that afflict mankind.

Of the stories that relate to the Prince of the Powers of the Air many are associated with wonders of natural architecture (the list of devil's bridges and devil's dykes is a long one), with marvels that a plodding science of geology has in later times attributed to the secular strife of natural forces. The devil appears, of course, once and again in legends of lives of the saints, generally as outwitted in the attempt to drive some unrighteous bargain. That is an ignominious relation of which the spirit has in our own time been reproduced in the last stages of playful incredulity by the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," from which Mr. Wall quotes with somewhat greater frequency than might be expected in the pages of a serious book on this gruesome subject.

But his book is replete with a lore that to a generation of men that knows on the whole no terror worse than itself may suggest matter for congratulation or humiliation, according to mood and circumstance.

Fiction

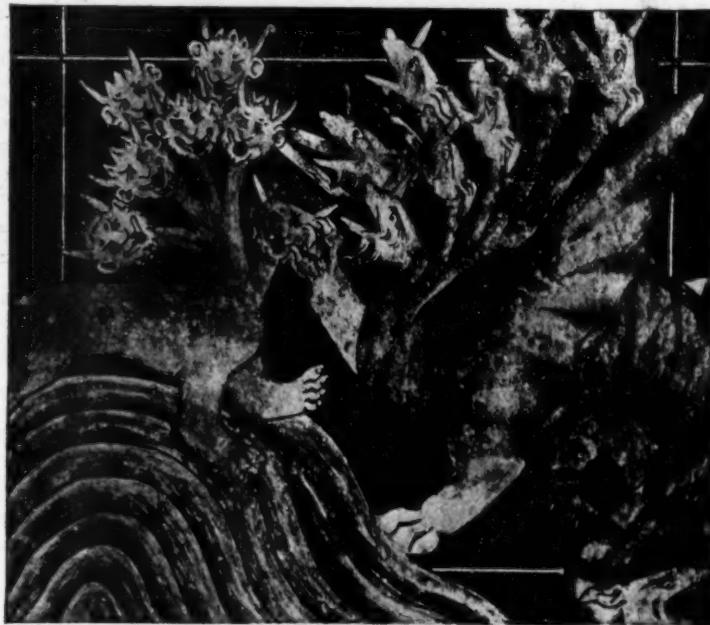
DOUBLE HARNESS. By Anthony Hope. (Hutchinson, 6s.) Many and various are the paths in Mr. Hope's new novel that lead to the altar rails of marriage. Some of the paths are fair and pleasant to the feet, others are tortuous and crooked, but all trend toward the same bourn. Sometimes to the onlooker it is as though he were watching the puzzling twistings and turnings of a maze until with tired eyes he would fain scan the broad highway. Mr. Hope's characters are essentially modern—products of the twentieth century—full of complexities of thought and conduct. They have abandoned the old creeds and are still groping after a new one. We are asked to follow the fortunes of six married couples, of none of whom can it be said that "they married and lived happy ever afterward." In the social set in which they move their affairs become intermingled, and the story of Sybilla and Grantley Imason becomes the story of the other members of their circle. It is a long story, but it is finely conceived and skilfully told. Mr. Hope has given us of his best in "Double Harness." He has undertaken to paint a crowded canvas, and has succeeded admirably. All

his characters, they are many, are careful studies from life. His philosophy is that of the man of the world, certainly not optimistic yet not altogether pessimistic. Modern problems demand modern treatment, and Mr. Hope evidently believes in a gospel of comradeship and mutual forbearance. Bury the old dreams and illusions before long disillusionment has soured kindly natures and warm impulses, learn the new doctrine of open-eyed toleration and good fellowship. Mr. Hope flings contemptuously on one side soft-hearted sentimentality, but gives us instead a broader vision and a working hypothesis of marriage warranted to stand the wear and tear of everyday life. We thank him for having written a striking and in many ways a fine novel.

ARBEITE UND BETE (Esther Waters). (Berlin: Fleischel, 6m.) It seems somewhat strange to the average English mind that there should be a demand in Germany for translations of the works of Oscar Wilde and George Moore. Everyone knows that "Salome" was the success of last year's theatrical season in Berlin, and that the same author's three comedies found the greatest favour. We have now a translation of Moore's "Esther Waters," with an introduction by Dr. Max Meyerfeld, and it is to be followed quickly by "Evelyn Innes" and "Sister Teresa." The three are issued under the collective title of "Frauenromane." The greatest critics in Germany are loud in praise of both these authors, and we cannot help wondering a little if the decadent tone of the works chosen is somewhat responsible. Surely Moore's most artistic work as critic and storyteller is to be found in "Impressions and Opinions," and in "The Untilled Field." Side by side with this it is only fair to state that George Meredith's novels are rapidly being turned into German. Indeed, not one, but two, translations of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" have just appeared. Dr. Meyerfeld's introduction is very interesting. He gives incidentally a brief survey of the servant-girl heroine in English fiction, showing how she arose with Moll Flanders and died out after Pamela, to be re-incarnated in a very different type in Esther Waters. Dickens' delightful little Marchioness seems to have escaped Dr. Meyerfeld's memory, or perhaps she is too simple-minded to have any psychological value. Again, in dealing with French fiction, and perhaps for a similar reason, while Germinie Lacerteux and Mirbeau's shameless *femme de chambre* are mentioned, the heroine of "Un Coeur Simple" is passed over in silence. Some account of Moore's artistic progress is given, drawn both from his "Confessions of a Young Man" and from his own avowals in conversation with his admiring critic. In discussing the question of Moore's realism, Dr. Meyerfeld comes to the conclusion that it is the "winged realism of a Balzac," the realism of the idea. "Esther Waters" is, he considers, a work without tendency, a true poem.

JUDY'S LOVERS. By Katherine Tynan. (White, 6s.) A simple story, simply told. Judy is a delightful character, sweet, natural, and unaffected. Her love affairs are not very complicated, nor, if the truth be confessed, very entertaining. The plot of the book is hackneyed, and it is only in the character drawing the interest lies. The people in the story are more absorbing than the story itself. Miss Tynan's gifts lie chiefly in the delineation of Irish character, and as a consequence the best bits of this book are the bits dealing with the Duchess's East End Colony and the various poor Irish folk connected with it. Martha Conolly, the poor lame dressmaker, and her dealings with the Irish colony are excellently drawn. So is Martha's sister Mary, the saintly invalid, with the everlasting aching longing for home in Ireland, which no Irish heart ever loses. Another very

happy touch is the story of that delightful master-mariner "Willy Kennet," and his meeting and wooing of his old love, the prim spinster governess, Miss Meredith. The scene



THE BEAST OF THE APOCALYPSE

(English Miniature early Fourteenth Century)

[Illustration from "Devils" (Methuen)]

in which Judy convoys Miss Meredith to Captain Kennet's cottage is most pleasant reading. Judy's lovers, though the use of the plural is surely unnecessary, since as a matter of fact she has only one, are not as attractive as they should be, seeing that the real lover is a very dashing young man, and the lover who is no lover is a "V.C." and a hero. No, certainly, it is the people Judy knows who interest us most, not her lovers.

DIANA PLEASE. By Bernard Capes. (Methuen, 6s.) The world in general, and novel readers in particular, would have been very little the poorer had Mr. Bernard Capes' heroine (?) never dictated her "extraordinary" confessions to her "dear Alcide." The confessions in question are set forth in the accepted style of the eighteenth-century writer, a style well imitated and, save for a few lapses, well sustained. Such a lapse, for instance, is "He didn't give me away, did he?"—surely a very modern phrase in the mouth of an eighteenth-century priest. By her own setting forth, "Diana Please" is a woman destitute of honour, honesty, or the slightest shred of decency. She has no single redeeming feature of any kind, unless her personal beauty can be accepted as one, and that she brings to any and every market likely to suit her convenience at the moment. She reads the foulest of motives into the most innocent of minds. To render her a service is to make an enemy of her, an enemy whose malice and revengeful fury is unsatisfied until death, or worse than death, removes her unlucky friends and victims from her reach. What possible end such a book as this serves it would be hard to tell. It revolts one—or, rather, the woman's self-revelations do—from her first childish words to the abrupt conclusion, which is mercifully vague and undeveloped—perhaps to our gain. Why so much clever writing should be wasted on such an unpleasant subject is a puzzle, and in view of the good work wasted on it a regret—a regret which the very reality and *vraisemblance* of the book deepen.

10 September 1904

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS. By Sarah Tytler. (Long, 6s.) Rather a commonplace uninteresting story, although the characters are clearly drawn and convincing. Bessie Moore, who marries and, to a certain extent, tames the boorish old Judge, is a dear little woman of an ordinary type. There is more originality about Judge Peignton and about Harriot, his eldest daughter, who inherits much of his strength, although in him at times that strength degenerates into something approaching brutality. The cleverest thing in the book is the way in which Harriot's self-sacrifice and devotion to her weak sister Susie, instead of promoting the latter's happiness, come near to wrecking her life. The stern necessity which insists that every human being shall choose and act for themselves and live out the consequences of their acts, cannot be set aside by any human love, however willing. Susie Peignton does one mad action and tries to run away from the consequences. Her sister endeavours to assist her in her cowardice, and the result is trouble—unhappiness for both. When Susie is forced by circumstances to take her own line and act independently things grow brighter. The introduction of a stepmother into a grown-up family is usually a signal for complications, and the writer has used it with some ingenuity in this case. Mrs. Peignton deserves her success and her happiness. On the whole, the book is a disappointment, because it marks no advancement in the work of a writer who has done much better things than "Hearts are Trumps."

Short Notices

THE GOLDEN ASS OF APULEIUS. Translated by William Adlington. (Bell. The Chiswick Library of Noble Writers, £2 2s. net.) There were great translators in those days, writers who "did" into fine English the works of many a noble author, paying more attention, indeed, to the putting forth of seemly English than to the exact translation of the originals. Translations may be divided into three classes: "cribs," translations which convey letter and spirit, and those which convey the spirit rather than the letter, to which class belongs William Adlington, whose book was "imprinted at London, in Fleet Streate, at the signe of the Oliphante, by Henry Wykes, Anno 1566," now reprinted admirably by Messrs. George Bell & Sons. Of the man Adlington we know nothing; of the man of letters we know this, that he could translate the Latin of Apuleius into clean, clear, stately English. Whether the work as a whole were worth the doing is matter for debate, for some of the pages are more curious than pleasing, but we should all be grateful to Adlington for his version of "The Most Pleasaunt and Delectable Tale of The Marriage of Cupide and Psyches." The style is a rich brocade, from the very first words: "There was sometimes, a certaine Kinge, inhabiting in the Weast partes, who had to wife a noble Dame, by whome he had three daughters exceedingyng fayre," to the last: "Thus Psiches was married to Cupide, and after she was delivered of a childe, whom we called Pleasure." What is the secret of the fine English of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? Who shall say? Fine it is and high sounding; affected it often is, but with a stately yet gracious affectation, the secret of which has long been lost. And the author tells us that he "used more common and familiar woords . . . for the plainer setting forth of" his matter! Would forsooth that we of to-day could find such common and familiar words ready to our pen's points. And he continues: "But how so ever it be (gentle Reader), I pray thee take in in good part, considering that for thee I have taken this paine, to the intent that thou maist Reade the same with pleasure." An ungentle Reader would he be who did not thank Master Adlington heartily for his "paines." The text, edited by Mr. George Sampson, is that of the first edition, obvious errors and mispunctuations corrected. In conclusion, a word of gratitude to Messrs. Bell for their share of the work, which is of the very highest quality, print, paper, binding—all in keeping with the book itself; the whole an admirable example of modern book-making.

THE CABINET AND WAR. By Major W. Evans-Gordon, M.P. (Constable, 3s. 6d. net.) Major Evans-Gordon has thought seriously, as all military men and all legislators ought to do, on the lamentable defects of our Army system, as revealed by the late war, and only cobbled at since then. He has given a summary of the faults and weaknesses of the existing War Office, and recommends, to a great extent, the scheme of the much-debated Committee of Three that recently reported. Only he carries reform a step further, and pleads for the heads of the army being non-political professional soldiers. For the rest of his book, it is about half Blue Book. It is a convenient form for giving the substance of the evidence before the Commission on the War, but it has no original value, except as ratifying the recommendations of the Three by the approval of an intelligent man who is both soldier and member of Parliament. The view that the heads of the army should be soldiers, merely guided by scientific considerations, and that the political chiefs should have, as they must have, the responsibility of conceding or refusing the demands of the professionals, is doubtful. It must not be forgotten that for a good many years the chief control of our army rested with the Duke of Wellington, the first soldier of his day. His administration left us with the system that only two years after his death perpetrated the Crimean War. Obvious improvements in armament, like the Minié rifle, had to be forced on the Duke. The serious problem of the British army, which involves most of the minor difficulties, is to get a good army in the free labour market, and then to keep it ready for a very problematic foreign invasion and a very actual possibility of little wars all over our frontiers. The Germans now have a little colonial war; the Russians a large foreign war. Neither nation has come so particularly well out of the struggle. It is quite as much the difficulties in our problems as the defects of our systems that cause us to fail and muddle.

Reprints and New Editions

Poetry and prose, fact and fiction and philosophy, reprints of work old and new, still pour forth from the publishers, and most of the volumes are worthy a warm welcome. Mr. Heinemann sends me four more volumes of Shakespeare in his capital Favourite Classics (6d. net each); wonderful volumes for the money—wonderful, indeed, for three or four times the price: *ROMEO AND JULIET*, *MACBETH*, *CORIOLANUS*, and *CYMBELINE*, with introductions by George Brandes. The frontispieces are of great interest to the student of stage history: John Philip Kemble, as Coriolanus; Miss Ellen Terry, as Lady Macbeth, from the well-known painting by Sargent; and Garrick and Mrs. Bellamy, as Romeo and Juliet, being of the number. From Mr. John Lane come more *Flowers of Parnassus*: *A LITTLE CHILD'S WREATH*, by Elizabeth Rachel Chapman, finely illustrated by that clever artist Mr. W. Graham Robertson (leather 1s. 6d. net, cloth 1s. net); tender verse illustrated with real feeling. Now to our fiction. Miss Burney's *CECILIA*, in the York Library (Bell, 2 vols. 2s. and 3s. net); neatly bound and nicely printed. The preface, by *Anon*, is amusing and to the point, but I do not believe that either Miss Austen or Miss Edgeworth was greatly influenced by Miss Burney; and did the last-named move three generations to tears? Are *THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY NEWCOME IN THE NAVY* (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net) prose or poetry? Rhyme they are, but poetry—no! The sixteen coloured plates by Rowlandson give value to a work otherwise not worth reprinting; here is a gem—

"Upon the Quarter Deck stands John,
In the quality of Aid du camp."

Messrs. Hutchinson have started their Classic Novels very well with Smollett's *THE ADVENTURES OF RODERICK RANDOM* (1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.), with Cruikshank's fantastic illustrations. A splendid book for the money; well bound, well printed. I wonder if Smollett much read nowadays? To me personally he has always seemed rather uncouth, too

far removed from nature, his fun scarcely spontaneous; but then I realise that I am not *always* right in my judgments. In the same series we are promised works by Fielding, Sterne, Goldsmith, Le Sage and others. The York Library again: Emerson's works, Vol. II., ENGLISH TRAITS, THE CONDUCT OF LIFE and NATURE (Bell, 2s. and 3s. net). Handy for the average-sized pocket, and Emerson to me is a pocket author; I cannot sit down and read him steadily, but am pleased to taste of him now and again. "Basil Hall, Dumas, Dickens, Bulwer, Balzac, and Sand" were gods in those days; some of them are not so at all to-day. "Their language," he says of us, "seems drawn from the Bible, the common law, and the works of Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Pope, Young, Cowper, Burns, and Scott." Alas! times have changed. One more quotation: "War is a foul game." And the last volume before me, Helps' THE SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA, Vol. IV., edited with an introduction and notes by M. Oppenheim (Lane, 3s. 6d. net). A splendid pageant of romance—admirably gotten up.

F. T. S.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

"The Literary Year Book" has been transferred by Mr. George Allen to Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, Limited, who will publish the ninth annual volume, 1905, early in January next year. The new issue is now in active preparation, and Messrs. Routledge intend to introduce several new features, including a catalogue of the books of 1904 arranged under subject headings, and an alphabetical list of the books included in that catalogue and in the Authors' Directory, which will form an invaluable index to current literature.—Mr. Hugh Rochefort Maxsted is publishing through Messrs. Treherne & Co., Limited, an illustrated account of a three months' motor-car journey through France, Italy, Sicily, Tunis, and Algeria. The book is entitled "Three Men in a Motor-car," and will be ready about September 20.—Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co. will publish a new missionary book, entitled "Missionaries I have Met," by Mr. Jesse Page.—The date fixed for the publication of Mr. Haggard's novel, "The Brethren," is September 30. It will be issued by Messrs. Cassell & Co.—Miss Ellen A. Smith has written a new book, which Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. are publishing, under the title of "In Her Own Way." Messrs. Hutchinson will also publish a new novel entitled "Chance the Juggler," by Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken.—A new work on Preaching, by Rev. Gilbert Monks, is about to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock, entitled "The Young Preacher's Guide, or Secrets of Success in Sacred Oratory."—The first part of a new fine art edition at a popular price of Milton's "Paradise Lost," with Gustave Doré's illustrations, will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Company, on the 14th inst.—"Great Composers and Their Work" is the title of a book, by Mr. Louis C. Elson, which Messrs. Seeley will shortly issue.—Mr. Archibald Williams, F.R.G.S., will publish during the autumn a book on "Modern Exploration." The book will be illustrated, and is to be issued by Messrs. Seeley.—Mr. Fisher Unwin has in preparation a new edition of "Old Times and New," by Canon Tetley.—On September 12 Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish Mr. Silas K. Hocking's new story "Meadowsweet and Rue"; "The Secret of Petrarch," by E. J. Mills; and "Gardening for the Million," by Alfred Pink.—No. 14 of "The Simple Life Series," published by Mr. Arthur C. Fifield, will consist of a series of papers by Mr. Silas K. Hocking, entitled "Chapters in Democratic Christianity." The book will be issued about the middle of September.—Messrs. Methuen have in the press a new edition of Adam Smith's great work, "The Wealth of Nations," edited by Mr. Edwin Cannan, M.A., with a full marginal summary and notes.—Mrs. B. M. Croker's new book, "The Happy Valley," will be issued on the 12th; and on the same day will be published a new book entitled "Genevra," by Mr. Charles Marriott (Messrs. Methuen).

New Books Received

Theological and Biblical

Wordsworth, Canon C., and Littlehales, H., The Old Service-Books of the English Church (Methuen), 7/6 net.
Monle, D.D., Rt. Rev. H. C. G., With Heart and Mind: A Book of Daily Thoughts (R.T.S.), 3/6.
Johnson, J. B., A Commentary on the Revelation of St. John (Skeffington), 7/6 net.
Evans, The Rev. C., Notes on the Psalter (Murray), 7/6 net.

History and Biography

Bearne, Catherine M., A Leader of Society at Napoleon's Court (Unwin), 10/6.

Travel and Topography

Geil, W. E., A Yankee on the Yangtze (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0.
Fulleylove, John, and Smith, Mrs. A. Murray, Westminster Abbey (Black), 7/6 net.

Art

Calvert, A. F., The Alhambra (Philip & Son), 2/2/0 net.

Educational

Labiche et A. Jolly (edited by A. H. Smith), Le Baron de Fourchevif (Black), 0/6.
Gautier, T. (edited by F. B. Kirkman), Prose et Vers (Black), 0/6.
M'William, R. (edited), The Merchant of Venice (Dent), 1/4.
Rippmann, W., A First English Book (Dent), 2/0 net.
Weintz, H. J., Hoasfeld's Japanese Grammar (Hirschfeld), 10/6 net.
Pendlebury, C., New School Arithmetic, Part II. (Bell), 2/6.
Watts, F., and Freeman, W. G., Nature Teaching (Murray), 3/6.
Waite, C. B. (compiled), Homophonic Vocabulary in Ten Languages (Chicago : Waite).

Miscellaneous

Echenrode, H. J., The Political History of Virginia during the Reconstruction (Johns Hopkins Press).
Kirk, R. E. G. (edited), Feet of Fines for Essex, Part V. (Essex Archaeological Society).
Thomas, W. Beach, The Road to Manhood (Allen), 6/0.
Roberts Morley, A Tramp's Note-Book (White), 6/0.
Stockier, R. D., Face and Physique (Daniel), 0/6 net.
"Investigator" and St. John, A., Crime and Common Sense (Daniel), 1/0 net.
Giles, L. (translated), The Sayings of Lao Tsu (Orient Press).
Burton, A., Clerical Elocution (Skeffington), 1/0 net.
Saki (H. H. Munro), Reginald (Methuen), 2/6 net.
Witchell, C. A., The Cultivation of Man (Stewart), 3/6.
Ruskin Museum, Sheffield: Annual Report (Townsend).
Cotgreave, A. (compiled), Catalogue of Books at the Plaistow Branch Library (Caines).
Henslow, G., Present-Day Rationalism Critically Examined (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0.
Scotch Church Case (Taunton : Goodman).

Fiction

Levett-Yeats, S., "Orrain" (Methuen), 6/0; Hocking, S. K., "The Scarlet Clue" (Warne), 3/6; St. Aubyn, Alan, "The Senior Tutor" (White), 6/0; Harkins, E. F., "The Schemers" (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; Marchmont, A. W., "The Queen's Advocate" (Ward, Lock), 6/0; Smith, Ellen A., "In Her Own Way" (Hutchinson), 6/0; Stanton, Coralie, and Hosken Heath, "Chance the Juggler" (Hutchinson), 6/0; Norris, W. E., "Nigel's Vocation" (Methuen), 6/0; Cobb, T., "Mrs. Belfont's Stratagem" (Nash), 6/0; Connolly, J. B., "The Seiners" (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0; Thorne, Egerton, "The Widowhood of Gabrielle Grant" (Hodder & Stoughton), 6/0; Lucas, St. John, "The Florentine Chair" (Appleton), 3/6; Allan, J., "Jean Sma' and the Glesgae Baillie" (Bryce), 1/0 net.

Juvenile

Ashton, S., "Eve's Adventures" (Simpkin, Marshall), 3/6; Bradford-Whiting, Mary, "Love's Sacrifice" (R.T.S.), 2/0; Bevan, Tom, "A Hero in Wolf-Skin" (R.T.S.), 3/6; Malan, D.D., the Rev. A. N., "The Wallaby Man" (R.T.S.), 2/6; Prescott, E. L., "With Cords of Love" (R.T.S.), 2/6; Wilson, Mrs. C., "His Soldier" (R.T.S.), 1/6; Weigall, C. E. C., "In All Time of Our Wealth" (R.T.S.), 1/6.

Periodicals

"The Book Monthly," "The Monthly Review," "United Service Magazine," "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," "Architectural Review," "Arts and Crafts," "Burlington Magazine," "Windsor Magazine," "Alpine Journal," "All the World," "The Antiquary," "Transactions of the Essex Archaeological Society," "Current Literature," "Geographical Journal," "The Bookman," "The Papyrus," "Indian Magazine."

Booksellers' Catalogues

Messrs. Myers & Co. (*India, Biographical, &c.*), 59 High Holborn; Messrs. Douglas & Foultoun (*General*), Edinburgh; Messrs. Hatchards (*Books of To-day and To-morrow*), 187 Piccadilly, W.

Foreign

Periodicals, &c.

"Deutsche Rundschau," "Mercure de France," "La Vérité sur le Congo," "Vart Sprak."

Egomet

SHAKESPEARE, Goldsmith, Keats and Byron are the gods of poetry whom I can worship without reservation; there are others who hold a dear place in my affections, such as Marlowe, Herrick, Pope, Crabbe, Coleridge, Mortimer Collins, Thomas Hood and Browning. I noted in a book I was reading recently that it was stated that until the beginning of the nineteenth century no literary man reached a place of high estimation in the world of letters unless he had achieved something considerable in the matter of poetry. I am not concerned with the truth of that view, though on the whole it seems to me to be sound, but note as curious that to-day it is almost customary to speak of authors and poets as if they were distinct tribes.

BUT is it not wholly true that when we look back over the world's literary history most of the great figures that stand up above their fellows in the republic of letters are those of poets? Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and a few more? Add to these the poets who wrote plays only, and it is not until the latter half of the seventeenth century that we come upon outstanding masters of prose. But who am I to discuss matters of literary history, and what is literary history to me? I, as a bookman and concerned with the life in books themselves, have been led to write the above words by reason of a very different thought in my mind.

I WAS asking myself whether I had more friends among the writers of poetry than among the writers of prose, and whether poetry or prose had influenced me most. I, like many another, am apt to judge my fellow men in comparison with myself, a wrong and a foolish and a natural thing to do. So, therefore, I am ready to think that on the whole the influence of prose has been under, and the influence of poetry over, estimated, because I believe that prose has been more to me than poetry. Shakespeare and the Bible, of course, stand apart, and this need not influence my opinion, for they are prose and poetry. But those aside, my chiefest friends, my chiefest helpers and consolers, have been

prose writers. Keats and Byron I relish for the sensuous beauty of their lines, and the latter for his glorious wit, Goldsmith for his tender charm and pathos, and of the moderns items of their work appeal to my fancy only, save with Browning, who appeals to my mind, stimulating and bracing me.

BUT the lives of the poets have never touched me as have the lives of great writers of prose, the personalities of poets have seldom been visualised by me. Poets appear to me to stand between this world and another of which they have more or less distinct vision, but which to us must remain an undiscovered country, an Eldorado of peace and beauty and deep truth. The prose writer has in him more of humanity and his words come straight home to my heart. Poetry is beautiful, but to me a trifle unreal, save when expressing a great thought in the most perfect words. Prose is but the language of every day written with more care than we use in our daily conversation. Then, too, as Poe urged, there can be no such thing as a long poem, which really consists of a series of short poems with links, sometimes of gold, though more often of lead.

ON the other hand, how many splendid prose epics there are, what magnificent historic paintings, what great preachings, what delightful essays! It may appear and it may be a sad confession to make, but I do believe that if the choice were put before me of the loss of all the poetry or of all the prose in the world I would choose to lose the first—always excepting Shakespeare and the Bible, of which I am here only counting the last as a great collection of literary masterpieces.

THIS is my mood to-day; what will it be to-morrow? For a bookman must needs have his moods and humours; I for one would not be without them. A dead level of good humours and perfect moods, or still worse, the same humour and the same mood every day—what an abomination of commonplace!

E. G. O.

The Heredity Problem To-Day

MV justification, as I conceive, for reverting to a question only recently alluded to in this place, consists in the great scientific and practical interest of the subject, the allusion to natural selection as the one factor in the production of species, by Mr. Balfour at Cambridge, and the masterly address on this subject delivered by Professor Bateson before the section of Zoology the following day. The address is to be found in full in "Nature" of August 25.

Readers of this journal were aware that Natural Selection has been lately deposed from that pre-eminent position which Mr. Balfour assigned to it. I must not be misunderstood. "Natural selection of favoured races in the struggle for life," or survival of the fittest, is a proven fact. But the school of Neo-Darwinians who, as I have lately observed in this place, are really ultra-Darwinians, have lately been routed by facts. Natural selection is not the only or even the primal factor that has produced the human intelligence (as Mr. Balfour supposes), nor the human race, nor any other. Natural selection presupposes variation, and recent biology has

gone back to the beginning, attention from which was long diverted by the influence of Darwin's masterpiece.

Some forty years ago an Austrian abbot named Mendel took to experimenting with peas. For some thirty-five years his work was left unnoticed, but within the last lustrum it has come into its own, his essential discovery being now recognised, in Professor Bateson's words, as "one of the lasting triumphs of the human mind."

Until the re-discoveries which have brought Mendel's work into recognition, the popular view was simply this: like produces not exactly like; this fortuitous difference between parent and child we call variation; by the operation of natural selection favourable variations are perpetuated, and unfavourable ones die out: thus is the origin of species—subsidiary factors being ignored as non-existent (by the Neo-Darwinians), or unimportant (by the generality of biologists).

But natural selection selects; it does not originate or create. And all these decades past we have ignored the fundamental question, simply accepting variation as a

mysterious fact hardly likely to repay investigation. Now let me attempt to show what Mendel and his successors of this generation have accomplished, premising that the facts are no longer in dispute and that they will be familiar to every amateur student in a decade. How satisfactory to the students of a certain philosopher deceased are these latest advances in biology, along lines which he discerned long ago, I can hardly say.

Make the Abbé Mendel's discovery simple I cannot, the facts being complex; but I must do my best. Each of the higher animals and plants is formed by the union of two cells of different sex, which are called *gametes*; and in these the problem of heredity obviously centres. The child "has his father's smile," we say; and we know that this character must have been transmitted in the paternal gamete. Now the first question we must ask is obviously this: How are the gametes formed? And we know that each gamete—of either sex—is formed by a series of cell-divisions, beginning in what we may call a germ mother-cell. Now the essence of Mendel's discovery is this: The germ mother-cell which is about to divide and form the gametes that are to reproduce any individual in his or her descendants, contains characters derived from both the parents of that individual. These characters exist in the germ mother-cell in opposed pairs—*e.g.* a character corresponding to the white pigmentation of the individual's father, and a character corresponding to the black pigmentation of the mother—and when the germ mother-cell divides so as to form gametes, these pairs are split up or segregated, the black character going to one gamete and the white to another. Thus the gametes or sex-cells of a grey individual will not be potentially grey, but either black or white. Observe the result. The individuals of the new generation may be of three kinds in respect of any given character. Some of them will be white, since they were formed by the union of two white-bearing gametes, some black since formed by the union of two black-bearing gametes, and some grey like their grey parents, since formed by the union of a black with a white gamete. But the gametes of this new grey individual will not be grey, but black or white, as before. If this is unintelligible, I can only express my regret.

This discovery that Variation—*e.g.* a black individual from grey parents—is really a form of heredity, proceeding according to definite laws, instead of being an inscrutable fact; and this assertion of the working of the process constitutes Mendel's law of segregation. It establishes an epoch in our knowledge of the subject.

Let us observe some of the consequences. We now know that new species can and do arise by the operation of the laws of heredity quite apart from any slow accumulation of variations under the influence of natural selection. As Professor Bateson says: "The dread test of Natural Selection must be passed by every aspirant to existence, however brief"; but that expresses the totality of its power.

I wish I had room to instance the numerous facts which the mutation theory explains. What, for instance, could be more puzzling than the unquestioned fact that haemophilia, or "the bleeding disease," is constantly transmitted by men to their sons, not to their daughters, but through their daughters to their grandsons—but not their grand-daughters? In other words, the males inherit, suffer and transmit; the females inherit and transmit, but do not suffer! And now it seems that the Abbé with his peas gave us the key to this forty years ago!

Mendelism is in its infancy; but it is already potent for good. We could "exterminate the simpler vices"

if we pleased: and Mr. Galton's *eugenics* is not a dream. Some day the race will undoubtedly realise that education and the rest of it are but the "giving or withholding of opportunity," and will tackle the root problem in earnest. Meanwhile, to quote Professor Bateson, "So long as, in our actual laws of breeding, superstition remains the guide of nations, rising ever fresh and unhurt from the assaults of knowledge, there is nothing to hope or to fear from these sciences."

C. W. SALEEBY.

Modern and Ancient Cynicism

DIOGENES snarled in his tub and called his snarling Cynicism; Voltaire, smiling, thrust his flexible knife into the ribs of everyone that passed him, and made all but the hollowest shams writhe. That was Cynicism a thousand years after the birth of Diogenes.

The humour of the ancients does not appeal to modern minds, save those which are steeped in study of the classics, savouring rather of knocking the clown down to make the children laugh. What is true of humour is true of Cynicism, for they are closely allied. Diogenes played to the gallery; Voltaire, with the nice taste of an epicure and an intellectual aristocrat, addressed himself to the stalls. He would rather have had a single cultivated Parisian for audience than a street-full of casual Athenian wayfarers. The modern cynic is merely a man whose sense of humour has been turned wrong side out, either by circumstances or by nature. That some men are born with the faculty of cynicism already formed, out of what should have been humour, is proved by the true case of the small boy who, seeing his next-door neighbour surrounded by sisters, wife and daughters, inquired "Does all those ladies belong to that gemplums?" On being told that they did, his sole reply was "Poor gemplums," in accents of sincere pity.

The modern novel is being more and more used as the vehicle of satire upon the conditions of modern life. When combined with the humour which sharpens it and gives it its point, such a work is an effective weapon; but certain ladies have become noted for their blind and furious attacks upon society, life and the general conditions of being. The unwisdom of their tirades is reminiscent of the gentleman in Gilbert and Sullivan who "praises with enthusiastic tone All centuries but this, and every country but his own." These books miss the true end of cynicism, which is to magnify the ridiculous side of life till it becomes the most prominent characteristic. Thackeray elevated it to a means of reformation, when he laughed at things because they were not true to nature, and not because they were typical of it. The modern cynic is more occupied with the outer life of humanity than with human nature, unless his cynicism be of that dark and purposeless kind which is as useless and without reason as any other bad quality. The great bulk of it is nowadays assumed for the purpose of tilting against some abuse or distortion of right or sense.

It is in this use of it as a weapon that it differs so greatly from its ancient prototype, which really bears a strong resemblance to our notions of bad temper, although it was dignified by the name of philosophy. It taught Antisthenes, he said, to live with himself; but

to judge by the accounts of the dishevelled appearance and unkempt lives of the Cynics, in doing so it only taught him to favour bad company that could do him no good. Nowadays cynicism, by encouraging a perhaps rather scornful tolerance of the faults and follies of this world, does a far more useful work in enabling its disciples to live with other people, and other people to live with them. Life with Diogenes would have been quite impossible; life with an up-to-date cynic would be invariably amusing, if rather unsatisfying to the truer and better instincts, any apostasy from which it is the end of modern satire to point out and check, whereas, in the old days, it merely ignored their existence. Its effect upon character, and the many causes which lead to it, such as cruelty, heartlessness, or, far more often, sensitiveness, are matters quite apart from the end which it should attain, whether natural or assumed. In the old days merely a wonder to the world, from Alexander to the passing pedestrian, it is now caviare to the general, possessing, at the same time, useful tonic and digestive qualities to those who appreciate its aim.

H. PEARL HUMPHRY.

The Chevaleer and the Bargee

WHAT is wanting?" I asked myself, as I watched the two new comedies recently presented to us—"The Chevaleer" by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and "Beauty and the Barge" by Mr. W. W. Jacobs and Mr. Louis N. Parker. The answer was—"sincerity." The pieces are machine-made, they are backboneless, the characters in them are mere puppets. Seemingly Mr. Jones said to himself, "I will take the character of a bombastic showman, I will place him in unusual surroundings, I will make him funny in word and deed." All of which Mr. Jones has done, but the fun is hollow, for it is forced, and the figure is of lath and plaster, not of flesh and blood. So is it with the other characters in the comedy; they look, talk, move more or less like human beings, but they are not human. The same holds good with the joint work of Messrs. Jacob and Parker. The former has delighted countless readers with highly entertaining stories, but it should have been remembered that an atmosphere which may easily be conveyed in a book may not necessarily be easily carried over the footlights. Also, that funny figures in a story need no heart, but a heartless figure on the stage may move but cannot live. Two hours and a half of Captain James Barley of the barge "Heart in Hand" become wearisome, his quaint sayings are too far apart, he becomes our old enemy of the boards—the flirtatious silly old man. Yes; these two comedies, with all their excellent endeavour, fail to hold us because the characters, being lifeless, can neither develop as the plays move along nor interest us in plots which we feel are worked out independent of them. The interests which we look for on the stage are the same as those which, in life, we watch with interest; the development or unfolding of characters or of incidents. In these two comedies the only entertainment offered us is a certain amount of amusing dialogue, of curious make-up, of quite impossible incident.

Under such circumstances I must not blame Mr. Maude and Mr. Bourchier for their failures to convince. Even had the part exactly fitted his methods and gifts, Mr. Cyril Maude could not have made Captain Barley live for us; the greatest of actors cannot breathe life

into dead bodies or stir us—even to laughter—with unreal emotions. Moreover, Mr. Maude was not born to act low but high comedy; to high comedy, therefore, let us hope he will quickly return. A word of praise must be given to Mr. Kenneth Douglas, who can play a bright young lover in convincing fashion, and to Mr. Lennox Pawle and Mr. E. M. Robson, who can play farce admirably.

Mr. Bourchier set himself as difficult a task as Mr. Maude's in essaying to make a living being of the Chevaleer, who is simply a collection of stage tricks, of mannerisms of voice, speech and conduct. The actor struggles bravely with adversity and almost succeeds, but not quite; I veritably believe he would have accomplished success had such been possible, for Mr. Bourchier has a fine sense of character and no small amount of technical ability. The Chevaleer amuses us now and again by what he says or does, never by what he is—for he is not. Punch and Judy amuse us in much the same way. The other characters in the piece count for nothing, being mere satellites to the star-part.

Is it not a pity that three writers of so great ability should produce work doomed to failure simply because their eyes are blinded by the glamour of the footlights, so that they take stage-puppets for human beings? It is no use shuffling old stage tricks in the hope that a new play will result.

W. T. S.

The Training of an Artist

XI

Now let us take a reformed and truly national Royal Academy, such as I have roughly sketched; surely it at once becomes apparent that such an organisation would add enormously to the position of all artists. The heads of each section of the Academy would almost of necessity be knighted; and the public honours of the State would be showered amongst the leaders in something like due proportions as compared to the baronetcies and the like degrees of honour bestowed upon the medical profession or the profession of arms on land and sea. The artistic body would then stand solid, and its functions would become national. Trade would turn to such a body as the arbiters of taste; and the manufacturers would look to the leaders as guides. The great furnishing houses, for instance, would call in professional artists as designers. A Chippendale or Sheraton would take his right place in the artistic body, for surely a Chippendale or a Sheraton is as true an artist as a Bartolozzi! An impetus would be given to the applied arts, and the artistic aims of craftsmen would be enormously elevated.

Let us try to look at English art to-day with European eyes. Of the men who write R.A. after their names, how many are known even by name to foreign connoisseurs? If you go to Germany to-day you will

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find the work of the English painters of easel-pictures almost unknown. But you will not find the names of the English "Arts and Crafts" men at all unknown. The work of English designers is eagerly sought after, and bought for high prices in Germany—that is to say, the very artistic work that is bringing the nation honour abroad is just exactly the work that our Royal Academy treats with contempt, as it treated the great illustrators with contempt in the last half of the Victorian years! And what is the result? Whilst artists, so called, are bewailing their hard fate in the market-place, and, mark you, artists must stand or fall by the sale of their work, English designers find a ready market for their skill and artistry abroad as well as at home.

It may be said, with shrug of shoulder, by those who have no slightest chance of winning honours from the State, that such honours have no good effect on art. With such a statement no man of knowledge can or will agree. The great Italians and men like Velasquez and Vandyke and Rubens all benefited by high position and the honour in which they were held. They felt themselves to be men of consequence, and they revelled in their pride of accomplishment; and their art gained a majesty and a splendour by consequence. These men were human, and it was a spur to them to feel that their genius shone out over the land. They felt that they were writing the splendour of their race, its triumph and its high achievement, across the firmament; and they wrought their splendid dreams with a whole-hearted belief in their importance that would seriously shock the parochial mind of some Academicians to-day—nay, it is more than likely that the belief of a Velasquez or a Michel Angelo or a Rubens in the importance of his art would make many of our Immortals rock in their armchairs with laughter. However that may be, we may rest assured that in proportion as the arts are honoured by the State, by so much will the arts produce great national achievement. And though the large fortunes that often await State-neglected genius may compensate for the thrill that recognition by the State gives, it is certain that that man works with the greatest enthusiasm who feels that he is a part of the nation's glory.

HALDANE MACFALL.

Correspondence

"The Mystery of Style"

SIR.—The subject of style is a fascinating one to all who are interested in literature. Among the dozen or so of brief essays which Mr. William Watson collected from his contributions to the periodical press and had published in the little volume entitled "Excursions in Criticism" in 1893, the one on "The Mystery of Style" is perhaps the best. Mr. Watson evidently feels that what a man writes is not the only thing that matters. He regards the style of far more than merely secondary importance. This is to be expected in a poet who can clothe his thoughts in exquisite language. "There can be no doubt," writes Mr. Watson, "that style is the great antiseptic in literature—the most powerful preservative against decay." This dictum contains, at least, a partial truth. If any of our present-day writers delight the readers of the twenty-fifth century it will be on account of the merits of their style. For the world has grown old and there are no unexplored depths in the human heart to be sounded.

Mr. Watson finds an illustration of what he means by style in the sentence "Rachel weeping for her children because they are not." He says: "This is infinitely more impressive than any phrase like 'because they are dead'

could have been; and why? 'Because they are dead' would convey a latent impression of the children still existing as corpses—an impression which is narrowed and distracted by ideas of a merely gruesome kind, ideas of corruption and decay. 'Because they are not' suggests only the awful and tremendous mystery of annihilation—obliterated existence—and leaves no room for smaller, lower ideas or emotions. This is sublimity. This is style. Yet we must not leap to the conclusion that style is necessarily simple. It is a power that masks itself in many forms—in pomp no less than in simplicity, in allusiveness no less than in directness."

It would seem, therefore, that variety is one of the chief charms of style. The work of the great writer will be simple and yet ornate, direct but full of allusions to the masterpieces of literature. The writer who can let himself go, but who knows when to exercise a wise restraint, who is felicitous in his allusions and yet not obscure, is certainly not deficient in the matter of style.—Yours, &c.

H. P. WRIGHT.

Haunting Phrases

SIR.—The arresting remarks of your talented and charming contributor Egmont re haunting phrases, followed by the interesting letter of your correspondent, A. M. Timmins, in your issue of the 3rd inst., reminds us of the wealth of exquisite phrases scattered up and down the literature of the nineteenth century, to go no further back.

Among writers of that period none have been more quoted than Wordsworth, whose fame for a time, obscured by ignorant, hostile, and even malignant criticism, now, like the moon after an eclipse, soars in glory to those mountain peaks where sit the immortals of our literature—Shakespeare and Milton.

I venture to cull from his works one or two of his imperishable phrases:—

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."
"Thoughts that do lie too deep for tears."
"That inward eye that is the bliss of solitude."
"The child is father to the man."
"Plain living and high thinking."
"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."
"The sleepless soul that perished in his pride."

These are indeed to be numbered amongst those gems of thought "that on the stretched forefinger of all time sparkle for ever."—Yours, &c.

STANLEY HUTTON.

A FLASH OF THE WILL. By Winifred Stanley. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.) Considerable force of observation and a certain power of expression are joined to a faulty and at times somewhat hysterical style in the making of this book. It can scarcely be called a novel, being more correctly an exhaustive psychological study of the development of a woman's soul. It speaks much for the author's gift, that she can make such a study, minute enough at times to be almost trivial, interesting. The plot, what there is of it, is bald to commonplaceness; and yet the book has a grip which rivets the attention and keeps it fixed on the struggle through which the heroine's soul wins its way to the fulfilment of its powers. It is the strong element of truth which gives this grip. The lines of Madeline Foster's life are cast in quite ordinary places, but she is not an ordinary woman, and the simple things of life, to most people ordinary matters of fact, become to her over-strained and introspective mind actual tragedies. Much space and description are devoted to the difficult subject of the relations between husband and wife, and here the author shows more tact and restraint than some women writers exhibit. We do not know if this is a first book; if it is, it bears in itself a promise of much better things to come. Style and construction both leave a good deal to be desired, however. Why start the book on Madeline's wedding eve, and then go back and devote nineteen chapters to her childhood, education, and wooing?

10 September 1904

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must NOT be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers."

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

Questions**SHAKESPEARE.**

PALMISTRY.—Does this art reach back as far as Shakespeare's day? I see he says, "There's a palm presages chastity," "Ant. and Cleo." I. ii. 47.—W. Young.

LITERATURE.

ALFRED BASKERVILLE.—Referring to his translations of German poetry, published 1854, did he alter any of them in later years? The reason for my query is that I have come across two different translations of the same poem, by Alfred Baskerville, and the better one of the two is not in the 1854 volume.—A.J.W. (Prestwich).

AUTHOR WANTED.—Can any reader say who is the author of the following?—

Those who the longest lease enjoyed
Have told us with a sigh
That to be born seems little more
Than to begin to die.

It appears on tombstones in Sussex.—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

Can any of your readers tell me the author of the following fine lines?—

O happy, happy, happy, happy fair;
Thine eyes are loadstars and thy tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than larks to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green and hawthorn buds appear.

The words are set to music, and I should be glad to know the source of both.—F. O. Mann.

GENERAL.

JOHN BUNNET'S SIX WIVES.—In Hare's "Sussex" it says of Broadwater, near Worthing: "Here, in 1734, died John Bunnet, aged 109, who had six wives, three of whom he married and buried after he was 100." Is there another case known of a man marrying and burying three wives after he was 100, or is there a man known to have married and buried one wife after he was 100?—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

BEFORE YOU COULD SAY "JACK ROBINSON."—Who was the Jack Robinson who gave rise to this expression? Can any one tell me whether he was ever a real person, or is it a character in a book?—J. White.

*** THE HANGMAN'S ROPE.**—In Hare's "Sussex" it says: "Hailsham. The rope factory, which is the industry of the place, has the privilege of supplying the cords used in prisons for executions." Can any reader say whether there is any special reason why it should have that privilege and what it got it?—Charles H. M. Pennycook (Brighton).

OLD TOWER HALF-PENNY?—Can any one explain what is meant by the old Tower Half-penny? A Bristol tradesman refused to take it in payment in 1814, and the magistrate said that "upon receiving a proper affidavit of the circumstance, he would forward it to the Solicitor of the Mint, who would immediately proceed against the offender" ("Gloucester Herald," November 26, 1814).—W. L. Harle (Fulfield).

*** "AMERICA-AND-WATER."**—Lancashire has often been referred to under this title. Who is the author of the saying, and what is its exact meaning?—R.B.A.

KING'S PATENT WAITER.—The following occurs in the "Gloucester Herald" of November 26, 1814, among the deaths: "Saturday, at Mr. Hill's, Dighton Street, in his ninety-second year, Josiah Taylor, Esq., the only surviving King's patent waiter in the port of Bristol . . ." Can any one tell me the meaning of this term?—W. L. Harle (Fulfield).

MIRACLE PLAYS.—Is any serious step taken in English-speaking nations to use the religious drama so popular at Ober-Ammergau, Bayreuth, and in Russia?—R.Y.W.

PAINTING THE TOWN RED.—Do Dante scholars admit the possibility of the slang expression "To Paint the Town Red" originating in Francesca's speech in the "Inferno"? "We, with our sin, painted the world red," she is reported to say in some translation, not Cary's; but how, even thus, the words have reached the man in the street's most familiar parlance would be interesting to discover.—B.C.H.

Answers**SHAKESPEARE.**

*** SYCORA.**—The reply to this question, and so far as I know the only reply, is to be found in an essay by Charles Lamb, entitled "On a Passage in 'The Tempest'." It would be considered too long to quote, I fear, but it gives the best possible solution to A. J. Stone's admirable question.—H.A.D.B.

SYCORA.—The passage in "The Tempest" referring to Sycorax—

For one thing she did
They would not take her life—

also puzzled Charles Lamb, who, however, found the following explanation: In an "Accurate Description of Africa" by John Ogilby (1670), is an account of the siege of Algiers by Charles V. with a large fleet and army. The Algerians, weak in number and spirit, resolved to surrender, when a witch promised that if they would but hold out nine days longer the Christians would be dispersed. Relying on her words, the town held out, and on the ninth day a great storm burst, the Emperor's fleet was destroyed, and his provisions lost, and he accordingly forced to retreat. The witch for her help was richly rewarded. Lamb surmises Shakespeare read an early version of the same story, and fresh from its reading transferred the idea to Sycorax, merely modifying the story to suit his own purposes—F.O.M.

SYCORA.—Her life was spared because she was with child—"This blue-eyed hag." One of the Elizabethan dramatists refers to a bluish colour of the eyelids as a supposed sign of pregnancy.—R. Gifford Wood.

LITERATURE.

"JACK."—Seeing that Mr. E. V. Lucas's name appears twice in the anthology "The Open Road" as the author of the piece named, it seems a little unnecessary to ask the question.—S. Butterworth (Carlisle).

GEORGE MEREDITH AND THACKERAY.—If, as seems almost certain, Mr. Meredith had Thackeray in his mind when he wrote the passage quoted from "Diana of the Crossways" (Chap. I.), the reference, so far as Thackeray's writings are concerned, must be to the short but famous preface to "Pendennis," in which, among other matter bearing on the subject, there occur the words: "Even the gentlemen of our age . . . we cannot show as they are, with the notorious foibles and selfishness of their lives and their education. Since the author of 'Tom Jones' was buried no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a MAN. We must drap him, and give him a certain conventional simper. Society will not tolerate the Natural in our Art." I believe also that there is some reference to the same subject among Thackeray's miscellaneous writings; and I always understood from my father (Henry Vizetelly), who knew Thackeray for several years, that in conversation he more than once expressed views similar to those set forth in the Preface to "Pendennis." —Ernest A. Vizetelly.

[Similar replies received from Shargor; F. O. Mann; and Senex.]

DICKENS.—Messrs. Chapman & Hall publish an English edition (1891) of an American compilation, "The Dickens Dictionary: A Key to the Characters and Principal Incidents in the Tales of Charles Dickens," by Gilbert A. Pierce (with additions by William A. Wheeler). The English edition was passed through the press by the son of the novelist. The "Dictionary" contains a list of characters, with a description of their principal features, together with a synopsis of and extracts from the various tales. It does not contain a dictionary of quotations such as D. Swiceller asks for.—E. Leslie Sikes.

GENERAL.

DREAM-VOICES.—The sentences which some people utter just as they are awaking (out of sleep) are the efforts of the vocal chords to continue the conversation which has been mental only up to that moment. Some folk, of course, do the talking also aloud in their sleep, but as a rule the dreamers are silent. I do not deny the mystery of trance (or transition) communications, and the unusual terms uttered may imply some other brain-waves are interfering with the dreamer's "wireless telegraph station."—A.D.S.

*** INFLUENZA.**—The "Bath Herald" of Saturday, April 2, 1802, contains the following: "Influenza.—Although this complaint has been so very prevalent in the Metropolis, it has been attended with an infinitely less degree of mortality than report has ascribed to it. According to the return of deaths within the city and the sixteen extra parishes for the last month, made to the Lord Mayor some days since, it appears that of 616 deaths within that period nine only were occasioned by the influenza."—W. L. Harle (Fulfield).

INFLUENZA.—This term is used before the date suggested by some one as 1888, because "Punch," in vol. for 1884, frequently cracks jokes upon it, and illustrates patients suffering from the then prevailing epidemic "influenza." See also Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates."—A.D.S.

INFLUENZA.—The use of the term dates from 1743 in our own language. (The Italians have used it since about 1504.) It is used in the "London Magazine" in 1743, and from that date onwards occurs with frequency in the books, magazines, and private correspondence of the day up to our own time. The principal outbreaks of influenza have been those in 1743, 1762, 1799, 1801, 1803, 1831, 1847-8, and those we all remember only too well beginning in 1889. (The first "epidemic" recorded in any trustworthy manner occurred in 1510.) The great epidemic of 1743 arose in Italy, and the Italian name for the illness was anglicized in Great Britain.—Blue Bridge.

CUNRW.—The "cover-fire" theory is doubtful. I take it to be a more ancient custom of the feudal system. Cour-feu, "the field-time," the bell rang to call the "feuars" or vassals to their land-culture, and also rang to terminate work in the fields by evening. The word "cour" is a form of "course" which is applied both in French and English to time; the daily routine, the working range.

And with the sun,

Thy daily stage of duty run.—Courier.

CASTING OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.—Professor Horsford, by emptying a pail of oil upon the sea in a stiff breeze, stilled its surface; and Commodore Wilkes, of the United States, saw the same effect produced in a violent storm off the Cape of Good Hope by oil leaking from a whale-ship.—H.M.P. (Manchester).

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